

LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM; OR,



WEEKLY REPOSITORY.

"FIAT PERPETUA."

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

(Continued.)

The difference of tastes and opinions, that distinguished the sisters in all their habits, extended even to the fancy of a name; and whilst by his parents he was denominated *George*, one sister would call him *Frederick*, another *Augustus*, and *Deborah* called him *Thomas*. These various titles perplexed the object of them as well as the hearers, and made him appear almost as questionable a character as John, alias—alias—alias—alias.

George Frederick Augustus Thomas at a proper age had a private tutor, was sent to Eton (because sir Thomas had been there,) and from thence to Oxford. He was not distinguished for his abilities or application; but he had good humor, and was free from any vicious propensities.

Henrietta, was moderately pretty, moderately wise, and moderately accomplished; she played a little and sung a little, understood a little of French and a little of drawing; but had a marvellous desire to appear clever and agreeable; and talked a great deal to every person, and upon every subject, betraying her ignorance whilst she fancied she was displaying her judgment. But her desire of obliging rendered her generally more liked than her sisters, and her follies and absurdities were forgiven for the sake of her good humor.

Laura and Lauretta, aged seventeen, were twins—and, though sickly in their infancy, became tolerably healthy as they grew up. Dressed precisely in the same manner, it was difficult to distin-

guish one from another, but by their bracelets—one of which was clasped with a portrait of sir Thomas, and the other with that of lady Willis: hence they received the appellation of papa's darling and mamma's darling. Fondness and indulgence seemed striving for ascendancy in the breasts of the parents, and it was as difficult to tell what darling was the most spoiled, as to distinguish one from the other. Tho it was expressly ordered that they were to receive every thing in the same proportion, and if possible at the same moment, yet their own contentions too often disturbed the order enjoined; and whilst they produced a beautiful and harmonious effect by their dress, fondness, and affection, before admiring visitors; in the nursery, quarrels and dissensions were perpetually arising, and proved that, however twins by birth, they were not twins in heart. Their personal resemblance in face, size, and height, continued undiminished until the age of twelve; when no longer 'like to a double cherry seeming parted,' one suddenly started up like a poplar, leaving the other like a little dwarf shrub below her. This was an insult not to be endured; Laura could not forgive her sister the many inches she had risen above her; and their animosity strengthening, complaints were referred to mamma by her darling, and the same to papa by his—and 'Kiss and make it up' was the injunction hourly repeated.

Charles, now fifteen, was healthy, spirited, active, and good-humored, full of frolic and fun, the delight of his father, the pride of his mother,

and the dread of his sisters, upon whom he never failed to play off his mischievous tricks whenever he was at home for the holidays.

Bertha, was the youngest, and at the time this narrative commences was between thirteen and fourteen, tho still denominated by her parents 'the child.' In her infancy she was the plainest of any of the family, to whom she scarcely bore the least resemblance. She was extremely brown, with dark eyes and hair, and so unlike both the Willses and the Gordons, that she appeared almost an alien to their blood, and, strange to say, really became so to their affections.

'I cannot think who she is like,' said lady Wills. 'Nor I,' replied sir Thomas, 'unless it was my great aunt Gertrude by my mother's side, who was run away with: she had black eyes, I think—but the Willses are all fair.' 'And so are the Gordons, sir Thomas. As for being run away with, that child will never find any one to give himself that trouble. I wonder how any person can admire black eyes and a dark complexion.'

Poor Bertha's dark eyes and tawny hue were faults that her parents could not forgive: she was therefore consigned to the care of servants, seldom permitted to come into the drawing-room, or indulged with a kind look or a kind word either from her parents or sisters. All regarded her as a stranger, as an alien, almost as a child of color. The servants seeing her thus disregarded treated her with disrespect, and she wandered from nursery to kitchen, and from kitchen to nursery, solitary and unattached. Her twin sisters had had a governess; but when they were old enough to mix in society she was dismissed, as it was not worth the expense of keeping her for 'the child,' Lady Wills said, who would never learn any thing; and Bertha had been left about a year to follow her own inclinations, so long as she did not obtrude herself too much into the presence of the family. Her inclinations led her principally into the stable-yard, among the dogs and horses; but she could not visit these favorites without encountering the groom and servants. She used therefore to retire into the room which had formerly been the school-room, and, with such books as she could find, sit reading for hours.

In this apartment there was an old instrument, and for the sake of amusement she contrived to teach herself the notes, and by dint of application could play several airs. She even attempted to sing; and had she been a fair girl, instead of a brown one, lady Wills would have been proud to cultivate a voice of such promise as Bertha's. But she had never heard her sing, and indeed seldom speak, and still more seldom had she seen her smile.

Discouraged and disregarded, she now almost shunned the family as much as they avoided her; and if summoned into her mother's room, or the

parlor, she would go so slowly, with her head down and her shoulders up, that she was generally dismissed with some remark upon her awkwardness, or a reproof upon her reluctance. Her only happiness was during the holidays when her brother Charles was at home. Her eyes and complexion and awkward manner had no influence over his affection; he would even say, 'If Bertha did not hold down her head and look so glum, she would be the best looking of you all.' Such remarks did not tend to bring poor Bertha more into favor with her sisters.

Charles did not understand why she spent her time so much alone, but partly thought it was, as they had asserted, because she was ill-humored and shy in the parlor—'Not that I ever saw her ill humored in my life, (he said,) nor is she shy to me,—so I will go to her.'

'I can't think, (said Laura,) how she spends her time up in that garret, for the school room is no better.'—'Why, I will tell you, (replied Charles,) she reads all the old books you have left, French, English, and Italian, and she plays on the old piano, and sings better than any of you.'—'Dear me! Charles, what are you talking about?' 'I am saying nothing but what is true, (said Charles,) and I only wish you would go and hear her.' 'I shall do no such thing,' said the twins.

'I desire, (said lady Wills,) you will talk no more about her, Charles. If Bertha was a good girl, and like her sisters, she should be as much with me, tho she is only a child; for every body knows how I dote upon my children. But she has no affection, and is really so awkward, so sulky, and so uncouth, that at present she is better where she is.'

Charles was not so young, or so weak, as to be entirely deluded by this sophistry. He did not quite understand why Bertha should be banished, and left entirely to herself, and he felt there was something wrong and unkind in it. 'Poor girl! (he thought,)—if she is awkward and sulky when she is with my sisters, they don't go the right way to cure her. I am sure she loves me, and I'll go to her, however.'

One day he found her in an agony of grief, weeping over and fondling a dead kitten, which had been her little pet and companion for some weeks. (To be continued.)

The Honey Moon.—When the Honey Moon was first performed, it was a very fashionable play. A country servant came into a bookseller's shop and enquired for it. The bookseller had sold all his copies. "Not got the Honey Moon!—well," said Jonathan, as if he wanted to match a pattern of cloth, "hav'nt you any thing near it?"—"Oh yes, replied the bookseller—"Here is the farce of Three Weeks after Marriage.

(From the Eastern Argus.)

THE QUAKERS.

Of all true believers, the Quakers come nearest to the line of *virtue*. Their religion is distinguished by no frantic gesture nor incoherent rant. It is not the blaze and crackle of dry pine, that subsides in a moment, but the steady light and heat of white oak, with the addition of a few coals.

The Quakers differ from the rest of the world even in the outward man. *Our* hair is rumpled and crumpled; *their's* is sleek and smooth—*our's* at one time *a la Brutus*, and at another *a la Titus*; *their's*, always the same. Their walk, too, is peculiarly their own. Of the zigzags and rigadon and shuffle of the fashionable world, they take no cognizance. Lastly, as to the cut and fashion of their garments, they are never found deviating from the broad pattern laid down by the founder of the sect.

Having thus treated of the *external* of the Quakers, which, like that of a cocoa nut, is rough and acid, we come to the *internal*, which, like that also, is wonderfully sweet and pleasant. And first—they are a humble peace-making sect. They are neither ambitious of honors or titles; considering D. D. R. S. and, in fact, the whole alphabet, of little or no consequence—When smitten on the one cheek, they yield the other, they never return blows for the grossest insults. It is likewise a notorious fact, that of all those who have abandoned Europe for our native wilds, the Quakers alone obtained a settlement unmarked with blood.

They are an honest people. What eye has seen a Quaker at the bar of justice? What dungeon has echoed with the clank of their chains?

They are a benevolent people. To an alms house they are strangers; yet you meet in the street no Quaker begging for meat and drink and money. Should one of them, thro age or misfortune, be in want of the necessities of life, he finds immediate relief on the table of his brother, and ease and comfort near his hospitable fire. He is never thrown out to buffet the charity of the world, that shifting wind which continually agitates us on the sea of misfortune, yet waits us to no desired haven.

We have thus endeavored to show, that the Quakers are an honest, peaceable, and benevolent people. It is indeed, the general opinion, that the founder of this sect was George Fox, who flourished about the middle of the last century. This, however, has been controverted by an ingenious writer, who maintains that there is a similarity in their sentiments to those of the ancient Druids. We go farther—Alburtus, in his great work, *de Mundo*, says, they were, 'in high repute,' in his time: and Virgil evidently alludes to them in that fine passage, *Conticere omnes intentique ora tenebunt*. A wonderful proof of the estimation in

which they were then held, since to them only could he trust the narration of his hero.

To conclude—We see in that rough exterior, meekness, piety, honesty, and above all, a good will towards men, that is religion's purest gem. There is an ingenuousness about them that wits at the first glance, and, I may add, a kind of buckram reputation impervious to the shaft of scandal.

Story of Abdalla.

On the borders of lake Aral, in the province of Legistan, lives a youth, whose prospects have been blighted, whose hopes have been extinguished. In a lonely cave does he now sigh for the happiness he once enjoyed; and bends the suppliant knee to the throne of a God thrice holy, in almost constant prayer for the perpetual happiness of the innocent authoress of his misery—the maid of Kurdistan!

When the wintry storms were past, and chilling frosts no longer checked the luxuriance of the pomegranate, came Hassan to the dwelling of Abdalla. 'Come, my friend, (said he) a truce to study; let us haste to the mountains of Candahar; let us enjoy the benignity of spring, and the smiles of lovely maidens.' The heart of Abdalla had known but friendship. Unused to the society of the female world, he had been taught to consider their look as misery, their touch as pestilence. To the solicitations of his friend he reluctantly yielded. Hassan's bosom glowed with a warmth of friendship equalled only by that of Abdalla. To the mountains they merrily sped; many maidens were there; they were cheerful, they were happy! Abdalla sees, he speaks to them; still his heart feels not the charms of beauty, nor the fascinations of fashionable minds—he is insensible to love. But who is she that now strikes his view, and shines above all the rest so eminently conspicuous? It is the maid of Kurdistan; her voice is melody; the charms of her colloquial eloquence, and person, are irresistible. Abdalla feels her power, and resolves to reveal a passion which now fills every avenue of his heart. He is agitated, for he forebodes the result. The maid of Kurdistan hears him—but remains unmoved; she rejects his suit. Dejected and forlorn, the unhappy youth flies to seek the calmness of solitude; his hopes are past; the measure of his wretchedness now overflows; the sun of his happiness has gone down forever. He who fondly hoped, ere long, to have been able to give instruction to the ignorant, to hold up the torch of intelligence to a dark and benighted multitude, has only bloomed, like the rose, to wither and die!

Think, O ye maidens, at the moment when the suppliant youth bends to your power, and acknowledges your sway, O think then on the fate of Abdalla!

(From Ackerman's Repository.)

The Latest Fashions.

LONDON DINNER DRESS—A round dress, composed of jaconet muslin, embroidered in small roses. The skirt is finished round the bottom with a profusion of rouleaus of clear muslin, which are fancifully wreathed with white satin. The body fastens behind; it comes high on the shoulder, but is cut very low round the bosom and back of the neck. The front forms the shape in a most becoming manner. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress, *cornette a la Ninon*, composed of tulle and rouleaus of pale green satin, to correspond with the rouleaus, and a broad lace set on very full. The cornette fastens under the chin, and has a full quilting of lace all around. The hair is parted so as to display the forehead and eyebrows, and dressed very light at the sides. Necklace and ear-rings, white cornelian mixed with gold. White kid slippers and gloves.

LONDON EVENING DRESS—A plain rich white gauze dress over a white satin slip. The form, a white frock made to fasten behind; it is cut very low all around the bust, and the body and sleeves are ornamented in a style of uncommon novelty and taste, with blond and moss roses. The skirt is elegantly trimmed with gauze draperies, each of which is finished with a rose. Head-dress, the *chapeau a la Infanta*; it is composed of white satin; the crown a moderate height, elegantly ornamented with white satin round the top. The front which turns up all round, is of a novel and becoming shape—A beautiful plume of feathers droops a little to the left side. The hair is dressed in loose curls on the forehead, parted in front and very low at the sides. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers. White crape fan, richly embroidered in silver.

ENGLISH EQUESTRIAN COSTUME—Habits of fine Merino cloth, of the Florentia blue color, finished about the bust and cuffs with Peruvian trimmings. Blue military cap, ornamented with plumes of feathers and rich silk cordons. Ruff of fine Mechlin lace. The hair arranged in Grecian style. Blue kid half-boots and lemon colored gloves.

PARISIAN HOME COSTUME—Round dress of fine cambric muslin, superbly embroidered round the border. Spencer body *a la Suisse*, of pale straw colored twilled sarsanet, with acorn buttons down the front and on the outside of the sleeves. Double Spanish ruff of Vandyke-lace. The hair arranged in *demi-Chinese* style. Kid slippers the color of London smoke, and sea green gloves.

CURIOUS.

Inscription on a Tomb-Stone, in Chester [Pennsylvania] Church Yard. Copied verbatim et literatim, excepting surnames; and communicated for this Museum, by a respectable Teacher of this city, who vouches for the correctness of the copy.

In memory of Margaret — wife of James —, who departed this life Feby 1st 1777 in the 68th year of her age. Firm to her friend and to her promise just, Benevolent and of religious trust. Also in memory of — son of — who departed this life April 24th 1777 aged two years 8 months and 24 days Grandmammes gone before, Gods will must be done, I'll follow her she's nigh. I am her own grandson. Also in memory of — who departed this life Jany 11th 1780 in the 77th year of his age. Though worms my antient body turn to dust, Yet I do hope my soul in heaven will live among the just Also in memory of — son of — who departed this life Nov 11th 1779 aged 20 months also in memory — daughter of — who departed this life Nov 15 1781 aged 5 weeks. Also in memory of — daughter of — who departed this life Sept 15th 1784 aged 11 months 15 days Also in memory of — son of — who departed this life July 9th 1785 aged 1 day also in memory of — wife of — who departed this life Octr 16th 1785.

She seven sweet babes with patience bore! then died
Five of them now lie mouldering by her side,
The other two are left here to bewail,
Her husband also to lament her fall.
That blooming rose the pride once of this life;
A tender mother virtuous, loving wife;
Called from the bosom of her husband dear
Full 15 year he was her constant care,
Firm to her friend and free from all deceit,
Good Abrahams bosom we hope will be her seat
She's gone before to Paradise we trust
Prepare to follow her she'll not return to us

What once had Virtue Grace and Wit
Lies mouldering now beneath our feet
Poor mansion for so fine a guest
Yet here she sweetly takes her rest
Cold is her bed and dark her room
But Angels watch around her tomb
Till the last music of the skies,
Relieves her guards and bids her rise

The Last Request of Elisha.

When the prophet Elijah commanded Elisha to follow him, and devote himself to the service of the true and living God, what an affectionate and beautiful request he previously made: 'Let me, I pray thee, (said he,) kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee.' D.

[For this Museum.]

An Old Bachelor's Recollections.

No. III.

The other evening, I accidentally called in at a friends, where I found had assembled a gay company of both sexes. Tho aged and infirm, and quite 'unfit to dangle in a drawing-room,' I was desirous of the gratification of seeing the young enjoy themselves in those innocent past-times, which I once took so much delight in myself. Unlike many of my age and sex, I can look without *envy* and *regret*, on all who enjoy those amusements of life which I have now neither power nor inclination to share—and indeed I almost feel as much enjoyment while viewing an assembly of young men, the worthy citizen, who would not to ascertain the cause, or take him with him. The young duchman hesitated, and even refused. He was interrogated as to the cause of changing his mind. For some time, he evaded answer; but at last acknowledged, that there was a lassie on board with whom he had made engagement in marriage in his own country, when they entered the ship for America, and that they would be married in the morning. And I have often thought, if I had but a son or daughter, my greatest glory would be in seeing either or both eclipse the virtues and even the talents of their father.

With these sentiments, I did not need much pressing solicitation to stay and make one of the number invited to compose the merry group.

The conversation first turned on the 'Ladies Museum,' (one of which I saw laying on the sofa) and several times I could not help smiling at the Ladies who continually talked of no other writer than the 'Old Bachelor.' Had they known he was at their elbow, they would no doubt have withheld many of their commendations, which were thrown out on all sides so lavishly, that I could hardly conceal my vanity. In vain I endeavored to detract the fame of this compiler, as I called him—the Ladies would have their own opinion, and, in spite of all I could say, unanimously agreed he was the most entertaining writer for the Museum.

At last, however, the subject dropped, and the piano changed the tune of the company—the music enchanted me—and never was I more pleased with the melody of the female voice,—after a few songs, however, the company proceeded to amuse themselves with dancing, without any other notes to regulate their steps than the music of their souls. But an unlucky accident soon put a stop to this merriment: A young lady in performing the pigeon-wing, suddenly snapped the lacings of her corset, and the 'busk' slipped out and fell to the floor, to the no small confusion of the Ladies, but which greatly added to the merriment of the

beaux. However, this was soon adjusted again in an adjoining room, to which she retreated *allegretto*,—but returned in perfect composure.

When we were all re-seated, it was agreed, that each one, in imitation of the Old Bachelor, should relate a 'recollection;' and how it was I know not, but I was fixed upon to commence the medley. Always willing to oblige, and fearful of tiring my hearers with an old song which every body knew, I made it a point to ask them, whenever I recollected something worth relating, whether they had heard it before, and if they answered in the affirmative, I never gave up to the uneasiness of my head to discharge it at their expense. But one middle aged gentleman in particular, I observed, would never trouble himself in this manner, and indeed out of half a dozen long anecdotes he disgusted us with, there was not one which we had not all heard of before. On making this remark to a young Lady who sat next to me, she replied, much to my surprise, that she always thought some people's *short stories* were preferable to other's *long tales*, and for that reason she was quite in love with the Old Bachelor! This reply made me feel quite young again, and I asked her, and her only, I believe, if she had ever read the latest 'comparisons of love?' She said she believed not. Upon this, I told the company, that I would repeat them for her:

LOVE IS LIKE—WHAT?

"An evil spirit, because it torments us; like Heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no doing without it; like a beacon, for it often guides one to the wished for port; like a jack-o-lantern, because it often leads us into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one;—like the kiss of a pretty woman, because it makes one run mad; like a ghost, because it is like every thing and like nothing, often talked about, but never seen, touched nor understood."

This reminds me, said the talkative gentleman above alluded to, of a receipt

TO MAKE A TATLER.

"Take of the vine called runabout and the root of nimbletongue, of each six hand-fulls, fifteen ounces of ambition, the same quantity vain-pride, and at least one pound of stupidity, and double that quantity of nonsense, pound them together in the mortar of misapprehension, then boil them over

the fire of surmises, till you perceive the scum of falsehood rising on the top—strain it through the cloth of misconception, and stop it with the cork of envy. Take a draught, and you will be prepared to speak all manner of evil without respect to person or character."

I soon perceived that the 'recollections' of *this* tatter, were not very well calculated to please the Ladies, however, I said nothing—to him.

A beautiful girl, about sixteen, and every way accomplished, added an additional brilliancy to her charms, by the following beautiful apostrophe to

RELIGION.

"How sublimely beautiful, how divinely excellent, are the precepts of religion; it is the heavenly foundation on which the soul builds its hopes of lasting immortality; it is the certainty which man cannot do away. Happy is he who suffers for thy sake, O Source of life eternal! Blessed the expectation of him who waits thy sacred reward, O Religion! It is the healing balm to the wounded soul, it is the consolation of the oppressed, the hope of the sinner, and the stay of the saint—it is the offspring of Deity, unchanging, everlasting—it is the lamp that lightens the grave, and the sun that irradiates eternity."

Immediately after this, for the sake of variety only, I presume, we were alarmed by a young lady, *amusing* us with this most remarkable occurrence:

THE WOMAN'S TOAD.

"A woman who resided at Ribchester, and has been in ill state of health for three years, took an emetic for the purpose of discharging a substance which appeared to lodge on her stomach for a considerable time; when to her astonishment she ejected a full grown toad, which lived for a few minutes."

A gentleman, who made one of the French ambassador's party, on the 25th ult. at his seat in New Jersey, near Brunswick, gave us a description of that

SUPERB BALL.

"The company consisted of about three hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, and the *toute ensemble* was highly imposing. About nine o'clock the dancing commenced in a suite of rooms on the lower floor, and continued until 12 o'clock, when the supper table was graced by 150 ladies, comprising the belles of the provincial towns of West Jersey, and many of the accomplished ladies of New York. The extensive grounds about the house were tastefully illuminated, and nothing that could contribute to give elegance or pleasure to the scene was omitted.—Among the distinguished guests that honored the minister and his lady with their company were the governor of New Jersey

and lady, the Portuguese and Spanish ambassadors—the French consul general and Mr. Le Forest and lady, the consul for Baltimore.—The fascination of the whole was increased by the serenity of the weather, and the polished refinement of the host and hostess gave a brilliancy to the entertainment that cannot be described."

The long tailed gentleman then began again, and gave tale after tale, that, had they been all *tails*, we should have thought he intended to make us all bashaws! I must ease my head of a few of them, at least, whether I entertain my readers or not. The first was, as he called it,

A PRINTER'S APOLOGY,

For asking his subscribers to bury him for the paper
 ed this life Jan'y 11th 1780 in the 77th year of
 age. Though worms my antient body turn to
 Yet I do hope my soul in heaven will live at
 the just Also in memory of — son of — who
 parted this life Nov 11th 1779 aged 20 months
 in memory — daughter of — who departed
 life Nov 15 1781 aged 5 weeks. Also in me-
 of — daughter of — who departed this life
 17th 1781 144 months 15 days Also in m-

THE SHAVED QUEEN.

"Previous to the restoration of Charles II. no woman was admitted on the stage, but the female characters were disgustingly performed by young men in female costume. The following anecdote related by Colley Cibber, will give a tolerable idea of the ridiculous distress which occasionally arose from the absence of the now attractive ornaments of the theatre. The king coming to the house rather before his usual time, found the *dramatis personæ* not ready to appear, when his majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent one of his attendants to learn the cause of the delay. The manager knowing that the best excuse he could make to the merry monarch, would be the truth, went to the royal box, and plainly told his majesty, that 'the *Queen* was not yet *shaved*!' Charles graciously accepted the apology, and laughed heartily until the male *Queen* was *effeminated*, and the curtain drew up."

THE FOURTH HUSBAND.

"At Warwick, a marriage was celebrated, which is the lady's fourth within the last five years and third since her present husband first preferred his suit. On the decease of her first husband, this gentleman applied at the end of a fortnight, but unhappily, he was too late. On the decease of the second he had an invitation to the funeral, and notwithstanding the opportunity thus furnished, the lady was again engaged. It was, however, his good fortune to lose his second rival in the course of a few months—and on this occasion, he secured a promise of his bride in a few minutes after her late husband departed."

Taking advantage of a pause this middle aged gentleman inadvertently made, I related the following anecdote relative to the late German redemptioners, which does great honor to one of our respectable citizens, and entitles him to all that can be said in commendation of such real sensibility, and unparalleled generosity.

THE DUTCH LOVERS.

A wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, not long since, bought, as it is termed, a young German redemptioner, on board the vessel, who, at the time, was very willing to go with and serve him—and promised to leave the ship the next day, and come to his master's house. The next day, however, expired, and Mynheer never came. The following morning, the worthy citizen went on board to ascertain the cause, or take him with him. The young dutchman hesitated, and even refused. He was interrogated as to the cause of his changing his mind. For some time, he evaded an answer; but at last acknowledged, that there was a lassie on board with whom he had made an engagement in marriage in his own country, and when they entered the ship for America, swore they would never part, if possible to prevent it—and begged him to purchase *her* as he had him, and let them both serve one master, till they were free, and could marry. The humane gentleman immediately bought her! But the story does not end here. While the writings were drawing up, in the magistrate's office, the dutchman, said, that he wished they would make them so that there would be no impediment to their marriage as soon as free. Well, well, said his master, have a little patience, and all shall be settled to your satisfaction. And, when the alderman finished the indentures, this generous citizen asked the lovers if they would be *now* married, without any further delay? This sudden question, so very unexpected, confused them—they were unprepared—the maiden blushed, and Mynheer was speechless! They soon, however, sincerely thanked their benefactor, and agreed to be then and there coupled—which was immediately done to the merriment and gratification of all present. When the ceremony was over, the bride-groom said to his master, that he had been so good to them and so generous, that he was afraid to ask him to grant another favor, without which he could not be quite happy—His master requested him to name it. Why, sir, said he, I have a sister on board ship—and she is the only relation I have in the world—will you buy her too, and let us all live together? The next day, the sister was bought by this philanthropist; and they are now all happy and doing well in his service.

The encomiums which were lavished by the company on this excellent citizen, almost made me, I believe, for a moment envy him his fortune.

The Ladies so admired his maganimous conduct, that for a time, they even forgot to importune me for his *name*, which I thought proper to withhold.

This story brought to the mind of my friend, a little circumstance relative to

THE DUTCH BEAUTY.

There is, said he, among those at the new hospital, near Bush Hill, one who is acknowledged to be a perfect beauty by all who have seen her, in both person and features; and it is really astonishing to witness the immense numbers of people she attracts daily. It was at first thought, it was merely the dutch collectively, that excited curiosity—but the truth is that it was *one* only, that drew the people from the city to the *northward* by her uncommon beauty. She has several times been obliged to secret herself to avoid the gaze of the multitude. One day, I witnessed something like *generalship*, in two young beaux, to obtain a good peep at her.—She was sitting down playing with a little child, and so concealed by her associates, that they could not satisfy their curiosity without a more close examination.—Come, said one to the other, I will go up to her and give a penny to the child, and then we can have a fine treat. They did so—and acknowledged her to be the handsomest girl they ever beheld.

OLD HALF-SCISSORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1817.

TO LET, ON BUSH-HILL,

A small but convenient "DWELLING," of stone, containing three rooms, 2 on the first floor, and one above; together with a large Garden, 80 feet wide and 126 feet deep; adjoining the dwelling, is a very large "ICE-HOUSE," also of stone, which, if made an object of speculation, and properly managed, might alone yield the amount of rent asked for the whole, viz. \$100 a-year.

Enquire on the premises, corner of Schuylkill Fifth and Fairview streets, about 100 yards west of the Bush-Hill Tavern.

FOR SALE,

For only 15 dollars per annum,
TWO BUILDING LOTS,
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Wanted to the Printing Business, at the Bush-Hill Printing Office, corner of Schuylkill Fifth and Fairview streets.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING,

Neatly and expeditiously executed as above.

[For this Museum.]

The Harp of Sorrow.

LAY IX...SONNET.

Tho oft and long I've sung my varied woes,
And tuned my willow'd Harp to notes of grief;
No one has sought to soothe me to repose,
Or give my broken heart the least relief.

The world, th'unfeeling world, with hearts of stone,
And mock'ry, only heard me sing Despair;
None save my DELIA, (to the world unknown!)
E'er kindly smooth'd the pillows of my care.

Oft would her tender heart appear to break,
And all its treasures in compassion flow,
In tears of blood, for unfeign'd feeling's sake,
And mingle tears with mine in streams of woe.

But now, NO DELIA LIVES! in these sad hours,
To turn each blasted thorn to vernal flow'rs.

HENRY.

LAY X.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

SCENE, *Great Falls of Potomac. TIME, Sun-setting,*
December 31, 1811.

Here, in the deepest melancholy mood,
Indulging memory's reflecting tear,
I'll o'er each moment past, in sorrow, brood,
And mark the death of the departing year.

See the last sunbeam ling'ring on the wave,
As loth to part with its existing light,
To sink forever in oblivion's grave—
Th'eternal sepulchre of lethian night!

Oh, would to Heaven, mine were such a fate,
Would I could leave the world with that mild beam!
This moment end this toilsome, aching state,
And deeply drink of the forgetful stream.

But, ah! not yet must this sad heart be laid
Quiescent in the long-sought sacred tomb;
Not yet on kindred earth repose this head,
But meet another year of deeper gloom!

Oh, deign, mysterious Heav'n! to hear his pray'r,
Who would beneath thy rod for ever bend—
If he must still be doom'd to linger here,
Oh, with the thorns at least one flower blend!

Or banish all remembrance of the past,
So pregnant now with every scene of woe;
Let not the pow'r of retrospection last,
That bids such numerous streams of anguish flow!

And brings the sufferings of years to mind;
The bliss of moments, and the pangs of hours;
The balmy breath, the desolating wind;
The thorns of brambles, and the buds of flow'rs.—

Oh! what a group before my sicken'd eyes!
Scenes of affliction on each other wait;
Shades of departed pleasures round them rise,
And double every barbed thorn of fate.

* * * * *
Harp of my sorrows! now be still awhile,
Mute and inglorious, unstrung, remain;
Till some kind spirit, with a welcome smile,
Calms my sad mind, and woos thy notes again.

* * * * *

HENRY.

[For this Museum.]

The Lyre of Love.

STRAIN X.

THE KISS OF SELA.

If a mortal e'er tasted angelical bliss,
On the dark rugged road of his pilgrimage here,
The rapture that blest him was surely a kiss,
Which modest reluctance makes always so dear

Sure no one can form a just idea of heav'n,
Who has not experienc'd a blessing like this;
Who knows not the luxury Virtue has giv'n,
In dew-drops of love, for a mutual kiss.

O SELA, if in that blest moment of love,
The rejoicing angels had call'd me to heav'n,
I would not, believe me, I would not have gone,
I could not, my SELA, from you have been driv'n.

But what was that rapture I felt in my breast,
When that nectar of love I so timidly stole?
O, what was it made me so heavenly blest,
But the union of hearts and the flow of the soul.

EDWARD.

[For this Museum.]

THE CONSENT.—A RONDO.—TO JULIA.

Heaven was mine, when o'er thy charms
Intent I gazed with love's alarms,
And saw, nay, felt the chain of smiles
Which round my heart now closely coils:
And when at eve we lonely stray'd,
Where waves with moonbeams sweetly play'd;
And my blest hands were prest in thine,
With virgin coyness, Heaven was mine.

Heaven was mine, when in thine eyes
I saw thy melting soul arise,
And gazed on every virtue there,
That makes thee, Love, so wond'rous fair:
When I in silent pleasure hung
O'er every note you sweetly sung,
And my fond eyes were fixt on thine,
With speechless rapture, Heaven was mine.

Heaven was mine, when from thy feet
I rose, to feel thy bosom beat
Against my own, and closer prest
In ecstasy thy swan-soft breast!
When for a moment, in my arms
I claspt perfection's virgin-charms,
And my rapt heart dissolv'd in thine!
O! more, yes, more than Heaven was mine.

ALBERTUS.

To Printers.

WANTED, Old-Type for foundery use, in exchange for Long-Primer, Pica, and English Quadrats. The usual cash-price of such type will be allowed, and half the price of new expected on the exchange. Printers, in the city, who may want these sorts, by leaving their address at No. 157, S. Eleventh street, (5th door below Locust,) will be called upon.—Sept. 13th, 1817.

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